

I Step Out on My Porch Near Midnight

Snow,
flecked by moon made mica.

Cold, windless air—even
the roar of the woods
is faint tonight;

And faint, too,
the creak
of my leather jacket—faint

As the rigging of a galleon
heard across the seas of time . . .

While overhead
Orion faintly flickers.

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